

# TREASURE CHEST

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smothman





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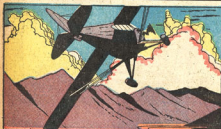


# DRAGON MOUNTAIN

By ALBERT I. NEVINS, M.M.

## CHAPTER 6

FOLLOWING THE BOMBING OF THE COMMUNIST BASE, BILL AND AH CHING ESCAPED IN A SMALL PLANE.



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CALLING HEADQUARTERS!  
CALLING HEADQUARTERS!



AT A "GOVERNMENT" BASE

HEADQUARTERS. GO AHEAD.



ENEMY OBSERVATION PLANE, SECTOR SIX.  
APPROACHING BIG DRAGON RIVER, SOUTH.



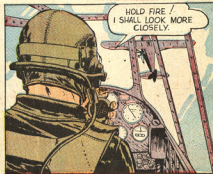
TAKE MESSAGE TO MAJOR LIM AT ONCE.



EAGLE SQUADRON! PREPARE TO TAKE OFF.  
ENEMY PLANE IN SECTOR SIX!









# TREASURE CHEST

2



THEY ARE ONLY BOYS.  
I WILL COMMAND LANDING.



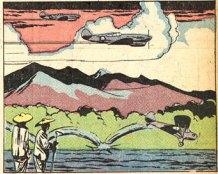
HE WANTS US  
TO GO DOWN. DO IT! HE  
HAS GUNS.



THE BOYS HEADED FOR THE  
NEARBY GOVERNMENT FIELD  
WITH THEIR FIGHTER ESCORT.



I HOPE YOU  
CAN LAND  
THIS, BILL!  
WE'LL SOON  
FIND OUT.

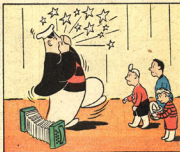
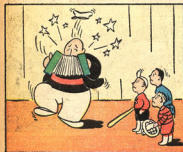
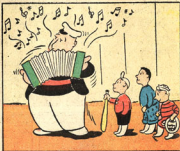
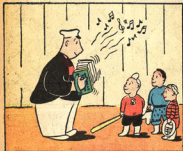


WAS THAT A  
GOOD LANDING?  
PINCH ME! WE'RE  
ACTUALLY WALKING  
AWAY FROM IT.

TO BE CONTINUED



## OTTO





# The Taming of Capitan Media-Noche

by Violet Moore Higgins

(SPANISH for "CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT")

LONG AGO, IN MEXICO, IN THE HOME  
OF DON ANTONIO DE CARVALAL --

*A Mexican Story*

from

An Ancient Book

"*Escudillo del Norte*"

(DEAR OF THE NORTH)

Written in 1689

By

Francisco Florencio

S.J.

OH FATHER,  
WHEN MAY I RIDE  
MY NEW HORSE,  
CAPITAN MEDIA-  
NOCHE?

TOMORROW, ANTONIO, I  
SHALL TAKE YOU WITH ME  
TO TULLANTZICO,  
WHERE AFFAIRS OF STATE ARE  
CALLING ME.

A BEAUTY!  
WHAT SAY  
YOU, PEDRO,  
TO MY NEW  
HORSE?

AYE, A BEAUTY,  
YOUNG MASTER,  
BUT TRICKY! HE  
NEEDS A FIRM  
HAND ON THE  
BRIDLE.

TOMORROW, ANTONIO,  
YOU WILL PASS THE  
CHURCH OF OUR  
LADY OF GUADALUPE.

TRULY,  
MOTHER?  
THEN I SHALL  
ASK FATHER  
TO LET ME  
VISIT IT.

EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE TRAVELERS SET OUT.

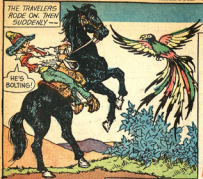
KEEP A TIGHT REIN ON THE  
BRIDLE, MY SON. CAPITAN  
MEDIA-NOCHE HAS A  
STUBBORN MOUTH.

YONDER IS THE  
CHURCH OF OUR  
LADY OF GUADALUPE.  
LET US VISIT THE  
SACRED SHRINE.

I BESEECH THEE, HELP ME,  
IF I EVER CALL UPON THEE  
IN GREAT DANGER!

THE TRAVELERS  
RODE ON, THEN  
SUDDENLY—

HE'S  
BOITING!

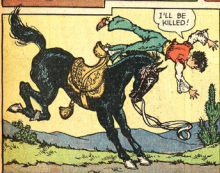


BUT CAPTAIN MEDIA-NOCHIE  
WAS BEYOND CONTROL.

FATHER!  
FATHER!



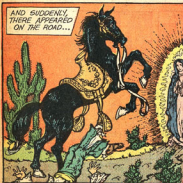
I'LL BE  
KILLED!



HELP ME,  
OUR LADY OF  
GUADALUPE,  
HELP ME!



AND SUDDENLY,  
THERE APPEARED  
ON THE ROAD...



THE NEXT  
MOMENT,





CAPTAN MEDIA-NOCHE SEEMED TRYING TO KISS THE EARTH, WHERE THE RADIANT FIGURE HAD STOOD BUT A MOMENT BEFORE.



SEE, FATHER! NOT A SCRATCH ON ME! BUT CAPTAN MEDIA-NOCHE IS ASKING FORGIVENESS.

THIS DAY, AND ALL MY DAYS, I WILL DO HONOR TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.



POOR CAPTAN MEDIA-NOCHE! YOU ARE TRULY PENITENT, AND I AM FILLED WITH GRATITUDE TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.



FATHER! OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE SAVED ME!

OH, MY SON! MY SON! ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?



YOUR YOTIVE OFFERING OF SILVER IS DONE, YOUNG MASTER, JUST AS YOUR FATHER ORDERED IT. NEVER HAVE I MADE A FINER PIECE.

TOMORROW, I SHALL TAKE IT TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. SHE SAVED MY LIFE.



NO HORSE COULD BE GENTLER THAN HE IS NOW, YOUNG MASTER.

YES, PEDRO, SO WE'LL CHANGE THE SIGN ON HIS STALL TO CAPTAN LUZ DEL SOL.



LUZ DEL SOL = SUNSHINE.

## GIFTS TO MAKE



## CURTAIN PULLS

"A" AND "B" ARE DESIGNS FOR CURTAIN PLEATS. THEY MAY BE CUT FROM THIN WOOD WITH A JOE BANK OR MADE FROM STIFF CARDBOARD. USE TAPE ("A") ON ONE SIDE, AND "BAGNET" ("B") ON THE OTHER. USE VARIOUS COLORS OF CHERRY, THEN CUT WITH WHITE SALLER. FINISH A HOLE NEAR THE TOP AND SLIP A STRONG CORD THROUGH. "C" - BAGNET WILL ATTACH THIS TO THE GARAGE WITH A BAGNET SCREW JACK.



NICHOLAS RYAN

"D" IS A  
PETERING FOR  
A BOOKMARK,  
DRAIN ON  
STIFF, WASH  
FAIRLY, CLOUGH  
WITH WATER  
CLOUGH OR  
CARBON MOUNT  
CAN HOLD THE  
"V" SLIT OVER  
THE PAGE OF  
HER BOOK TO  
MARK HER PLACE.  
THE BOOKMARK  
AT THE LEFT IS  
IN TWO PARTS.  
MAKE "E" AND "G"  
AS SHOWN, THEN  
WEAVE YOUR CARBON  
THROUGH THE SUTS  
IN "E."

**FOR MOTHER'S DAY**



PICTURE FRAME:

USE STIFF BRISTLE,  
12 1/2" LONG, #7  
3 1/2" WIDE, (NEEDLE)  
KNIT WITH PATTERN (#1),  
AND LOCK STITCH.

CUT DUAL IN FRONT  
FOLD ABOUT DUAL  
DUAL, LEAVING OPENING  
AT BACK TOP OF DUAL  
TO ADJUST PICTURE



OF OUR ALPINE HOUSE  
HANG FORTWENTY (10")  
PALE PINK AND CRISP  
(12") APPLE GARDEN.  
DANCE WITH US DURING  
DANCING GARDEN. THE  
PALE PINK AND CRISP  
THE COLOR ALPINE HOUSE  
WOOD, CURE LINES AND  
FLOWERS BY DANCING TURN  
LATELY OFF BLADE OF  
THESE HOUSE, PALE JAMES  
AROUND THE GARDEN BY  
SEEN END ONE, PINK  
BLOSSOM AT OTHER END  
ONE, YOU CAN SEE ANY  
PICTURE OF THE EACH OF  
MAYBE ONE LINE 10"



LETTER TO MOTHER :

EXPENSIVE, INTO AROUND FACT IS AUNT.  
DUT DEERER BARRIER WITH REED CLOUSE OF  
CAROUSE, FOLLOW PATTERN "U" THEN FOLD  
AS IN "O" WHEN THE LETTER IS CLOSED.  
THE PLOT OF READING IS COMPLETELY AROUND  
WHEN CROUSE, IT POPS OUT, FOLDING "U"  
SHOWN AND CROUSE, MAKES A GAY PONY  
FOR THE FRONT PRIDE. NOW WISE YOUR  
LETTER.





## GIFTS TO MAKE



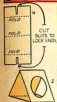
## CURTAIN PULLS

"A" AND "B" ARE DESIGNS FOR CURTAIN PLEATS. THEY MAY BE CUT FROM THIN WOOD WITH A JOE BANK OR MADE FROM STIFF CARDBOARD. USE TAPE ("A") ON ONE SIDE, AND "BAGNET" ("B") ON THE OTHER. USE VARIOUS COLORS OF CHERRY, THEN CUT WITH WHITE SALLER. FINISH A HOLE NEAR THE TOP AND SLIP A STRONG CORD THROUGH. "C" - BAGNET WILL ATTACH THIS TO THE SHADE WITH A BAGNET SCREW JACK.



NICHOLMAN &amp; POKS

"O" IS A  
MIRROR FOR  
A BOOKMARK.  
DRAW ON  
STIFF, WHITE  
PAPER, COLORED  
WITH WATER  
COLORS OR  
CRAYONS. MOTHER  
CAN MARK THE  
"V" SLIT OVER  
THE PAGE OF  
HER BOOK TO  
MARK HER PLACE.  
THE BOOKMARK  
ON THE LEFT IS  
IN TWO PARTS.  
MAKE "E" AND "S"  
AS SHOWN, THEN  
WEAVE YOUR CARBON  
THROUGH THE SUTS  
ON "E."



PICTURE FRAME:

Use stiff paper,  
12 1/2" x 14 1/2", 17"  
3 1/2" wide, (measure  
paper with pencil ("1")  
and lock punch.

CUT DIAL IN FRONT,  
PEEL AWAY BRASS  
DIAL, LEAVING OPENING  
AT BACK TOP OF DIAL  
TO INSERT ANTENNA

[illegible]

LETTER TO MOTHER :

EXPENSIVE, INTO AROUND FACT IS BEST.  
THE COVER BINDER WITH GREEN COLORED  
CARBONS, FOLLOW PATTERN "C" THEN FOLD  
AS IN "D" WHEN THE LETTER IS CLOSED.  
THE SET OF READER IS COMPLETELY HIDDEN  
WHEN CLOSED, IT POPS UP, FOLDING "E"  
DOWN AND CLOSED, MAKES A GAY POP  
FOR THE FRONT PAGE. NOW WISE YOUR  
LETTER.



# BASEBALL

## AND HOW TO PLAY IT



COACH BOB BLAKE

### TIPS ON CATCHING



THERE ARE TWO OUT.  
THE SCORE IS TIED  
AT 2 ALL. IT IS THE  
LAST OF THE NINTH,  
AND THE COLUMBUS BOYS' CLUB  
PITCHER HAS JUST THROWN  
5 BALLS IN A ROW.

COME ON, BILL,  
LET'S GO! DON'T  
WALK THE BATTER!

I'LL TRY  
NOT TO,  
BOB.

BALL FOUR!  
TAKE YOUR BASE!

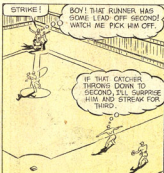








WITH A MAN ON SECOND, BILL TOSSES AGAIN.



BOY! THAT RUNNER HAS SOME LEAD OFF SECOND! WATCH ME PICK HIM OFF.

IF THAT CATCHER THROWS DOWN TO SECOND, I'LL SURPRISE HIM AND STREAK FOR THIRD.



WHAT'S HE DOING? HE'S GOING TO THIRD.



WITH THE WINNING RUN NOW ON THIRD, BILL IS BEARING DOWN AS HE THROWS TO THE BATTER.







## LATER, IN THE COACH'S OFFICE

ON A TEAM, BOB, CATCHING IS A TOUGH AND VERY IMPORTANT JOB. BUT DOING THE JOB CORRECTLY, MAKES IT MUCH EASIER.



## THE CATCHER'S STANCE



SPREAD YOUR FEET COMFORTABLY, BEND YOUR KNEES, AND LEAN FORWARD. PUT YOUR WEIGHT ON THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET. FROM THIS POSITION, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHIFT YOUR BODY FOR ANY THROW. YOUR AIM SHOULD BE TO CATCH ALL THROWS IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR BODY.



USE YOUR GLOVE AS A TARGET FOR THE PITCHER.

## PROTECT YOUR FINGERS FROM INJURY.



KEEP THE FINGERS ON THE RIGHT HAND TOGETHER, OR IN A CLENCHED POSITION.

A. ON CATCHES ABOVE THE WAIST, THE FINGERS ARE POINTED UP.



B. ON CATCHES BELOW THE WAIST, FINGERS ARE DOWN.



NEVER SPREAD YOUR FINGERS, OR POINT THEM TOWARD THE ONCOMING BALL.

## THE THROW TO SECOND

COCK THE BALL IN BACK OF YOUR EAR. STEP TOWARD SECOND WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT, AND THROW OVERHAND.



IF A RUNNER HAS A BIG LEAD OFF SECOND, RUN OUT A FEW STEPS TOWARD HIM. THE RUNNER WILL THEN HAVE TO GO EITHER BACK TO SECOND, OR ON TO THIRD. WHEN HE MAKES HIS BREAK, YOU NAIL HIM.



GET THE THROW OFF FAST!

ON FOUL POP-UPS, REMOVE YOUR MASK, LOCATE THE BALL, THEN FLING YOUR MASK IN THE DIRECTION OPPOSITE THE BALL. THIS WILL PREVENT TRIPPING OVER YOUR MASK.

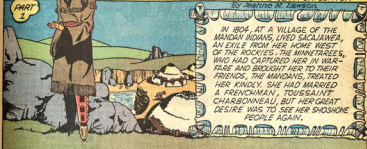
# The BIRD WOMAN

SACAJAWEA (SĀ-KĀ-JĀ-WĒ-Ā)

AND THE ROLE SHE PLAYED IN THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

By Jeanne M. Lawson

PART 1



IN 1804, AT A VILLAGE OF THE MANDAN INDIANS, LIVED SACAJAWEA, AN EXILE FROM HER HOME WEST OF THE ROCKIES. THE MINNETAREES, WHO HAD CAPTURED HER IN WARFARE AND BROUGHT HER TO THEIR FRIENDS, THE MANDANS, TREATED HER KINDLY. SHE HAD MARRIED A FRENCHMAN, TOUSSAINT CHARBONNEAU, BUT HER GREAT DESIRE WAS TO SEE HER SHOSHONE PEOPLE AGAIN.

ONE DAY THERE WAS GREAT COMMOTION AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

THE WHITE MEN BRING A LARGE GUN!

WAIT UNTIL THEY LAND BLACK CLOUD. MAYBE THEIR MISSION IS GOOD.



WHEN THE BOATS REACHED SHORE--

I AM CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK. THIS IS MERIWETHER LEWIS. WE WISH TO SEE YOUR CHIEF.

MY HUSBAND WILL TELL ME WHAT THEY SAY TO OUR CHIEF.



LEWIS AND CLARK MET THE CHIEF IN COUNCIL.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON, OUR GREAT FATHER, BADE US SEEK YOUR AID IN FINDING A ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

SINCE YOU CAME IN PEACE, WE WANT TO HELP YOU.



HAVING LEARNED OF THEIR PURPOSE, SACAJAWEA'S HUSBAND CHARBONNEAU OFFERED TO ACCOMPANY LEWIS AND CLARK AS INTERPRETER.

...AND MY WIFE KNOWS THE COUNTRY AND THE INDIAN CUSTOMS WELL. HER HOME LIES OVER THE ROCKIES.

ASK YOUR WIFE IF SHE WILL COME, TOO.



A FEW HOURS LATER --

IT IS ALL TRUE, SACAIAWEA.

AT LAST I SHALL RETURN TO MY PEOPLE!



AFTER SACAIAWEA HAD MET LEWIS AND CLARK

AND THAT IS THE STORY OF MY CAPTURE. MY FATHER WAS KILLED BEFORE MY EYES, MY BROTHER ESCAPED, BUT I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.



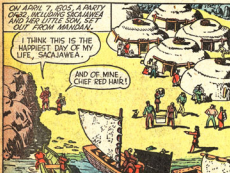
LEWIS AND CLARK STAYED AT MANDAN FOR THE WINTER. WHEN SPRING CAME ON, AND THE ICE IN THE RIVER BEGAN TO MELT, THEY PREPARED TWO PIROGUES AND SIX CANOES FOR THE EXPEDITION.



ON APRIL 7, 1805, A PARTY OF 32, INCLUDING SACAIAWEA AND HER LITTLE SON, SET OUT FROM MANDAN.

I THINK THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, SACAIAWEA.

AND OF MINE, CHIEF RED HAIR!



MANY ADVENTURES AWAITED SACAIAWEA. ALTHOUGH THE COMPANY TRAVELED BY WATER, SOME OF THE MEN WENT ON FOOT TO OBSERVE ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE ON SHORE. BRATTON, ONE OF THE GROUP, SET OUT BY HIMSELF, AND --

EITHER THIS GRIZZLY GOES BACK TO THE BOAT WITH ME, OR I WON'T GET BACK AT ALL!



THOUGH SHOT IN THE LUNG, THE BEAR LEAPED FORWARD IN PURSUIT OF BRATTON.



BRATTON REACHED THE BOAT'S SAFELY, SCARCELY ABLE TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

A...A...GRIZZLY! I WOUNDED HIM!

THE BEARS IN THESE PARTS ARE VERY DANGEROUS! SOMEONE MUST KILL THIS BEAR.





LEWIS TOOK SEVEN MEN WITH HIM TO TRACK DOWN THE BEAR.



HAVING KILLED THE BEAR, THE PARTY SAILED ON SAFELY, STOPPING TO PREPARE FOOD.



SACAIAWEA'S RESOURCEFULNESS WAS NOT LIMITED TO COOKING. ONE DAY A SQUALL HIT HER PIRGOUE.



THE MEDICINES AND SUPPLIES MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOST, HAD NOT SACAIAWEA SAVED THEM.



AFTER THE STORM, THE SUPPLIES DRIED QUICKLY.



THEY SAILED FOR DAYS, FROM WHAT IS NOW NORTH DAKOTA ON TO MONTANA. ON MAY 26, 1805 -



TO BE CONTINUED

## PARTY STUNT

ANNOUNCE THAT YOU HAVE UNUSUAL DETECTIVE POWERS, THEN MYSTIFY YOUR GUESTS WITH THIS STUNT. AFTER YOU LEAVE THE ROOM, THE GUESTS AGREE ON A NUMBER FROM 1 TO 10. WHEN YOU RETURN, THEY WILL EXPECT YOU TO KNOW THE NUMBER. TELL THEM YOU NEED "A GOOD THINKER TO HELP YOU. STAND BEHIND THE THINKER AND COVER HIS EARS WITH YOUR HANDS SO HE CAN CONCENTRATE WITHOUT NOISE. THE GUESTS WATCH THE THINKER CAREFULLY, AND YOU ANNOUNCE THE CORRECT NUMBER. HOW IS IT DONE?

## BETTY BUYS A BOND.

EVERY DAY, FOR 200 DAYS, BETTY PUT A COIN IN HER PIGGY-BANK. THEN SHE OPENED IT AND FOUND EXACTLY \$10. HALF OF THE \$10 WAS IN NICKELS. WHAT WERE THE OTHER COINS, AND HOW MANY WERE THERE OF EACH?



## WORD JUGGLING

THESE SIX WORDS LEND THEMSELVES TO JUGGLING. HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU SHAKE OUT? ALLOW YOURSELF A TOTAL OF 20 MINUTES. IF YOU FIND 19 WORDS OR MORE, YOU RATE "EXCELLENT," 17 TO 19 RATES "VERY GOOD," 13 TO 16, "GOOD," 9 TO 12, "FAIR."

1 VEERS

2 MEATS

3 TEALS

4 RESIN

5 TSAR

6 PARES

## BRAIN TEASERS

## DRAWING LESSON

EACH OF THESE FIGURES CAN BE DRAWN WITHOUT REMOVING THE PENCIL FROM THE PAPER UNTIL COMPLETED, AND WITHOUT CROSSING ANY LINES, OR GOING OVER A LINE TWICE. IT'S FUN TO TRY!



## JOHNNY WANTS TWO SOCKS!

IN THE TOP DRAWER OF JOHNNY'S DRESSER ARE 14 BLACK SOCKS AND 12 BROWN SOCKS.

IT IS TOO DARK IN JOHNNY'S ROOM TO SEE COLORS. WHAT IS THE LEAST NUMBER OF SOCKS HE MUST TAKE OUT IN ORDER TO BE CERTAIN OF HAVING ONE MATCHING PAIR?



## HUFF AND PUFF

"I CAN BLOW THAT BOOK OVER!" BOASTED BILL TO JIM. THE BOOK, STANDING ON ONE END, WAS RATHER HEAVY. JIM TRIED. HE HUFFED AND PUFFED, BUT THE BOOK WOULDN'T BUDGE. JIM DIDN'T KNOW THE TRICK! IT CAN BE DONE. CAN YOU DO IT?

# CHUCK WHITE

PART  
24

CHUCK, HAVING PUT SUTHERLAND ON THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING MILLER, WAS RELEASED. MEANWHILE, HIS FATHER TRIED TO REMEMBER WHERE HE HAD SEEN THE RACKETEER'S FACE BEFORE.

HERE COMES THE  
CLEAN-UP HITTER!



A BEAUTY!

STRIKE  
ONE!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, CHUCK? YOU'LL  
NEVER SEE A BETTER PITCH.



STRIKE  
TWO!



MAN, YOU  
SURE MISSED THAT ONE!  
WHERE'S YOUR EYE?

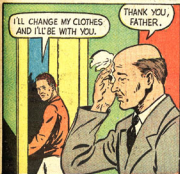
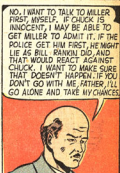


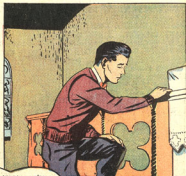
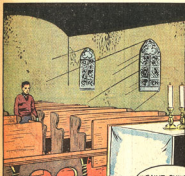
STRIKE THREE!  
YOU'RE OUT!





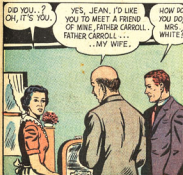
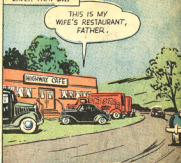








LATER THAT DAY











# The Ghost Bell

by  
**ANN WING**

**PART 3**



**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:** Old Pablo, the chuck-wagon cook, told "Cyclone" McBride, Little Mac, Jerome Woods, and Angelito Lopez the story of the mission bell of San Juan de la Espada, how it had mysteriously disappeared. Now, a century later, Angelito told the boys that, according to legend, Our Lady of Guadalupe had appeared to a humble boy, and how he and his grandfather, at Our Lady's bidding, had carried the bell away. Neither they nor the bell was seen again, but on clear, windy nights, a tolling bell could still be heard in the Bandera hills. One night, Cyclone and Angelito heard it, and the four boys, on horseback, determined to find the bell. Night and a cloudburst overtook them in their search. At a mountain shack, a huge man, with red hair and a gruff voice, gave them shelter. Holstered pistols, hanging from the cartridge belts of their unkempt host and his two rough companions, aroused the boys' suspicion and fear, but they stretched out on their bedrolls and were soon asleep. Next morning, the boys discovered that the three men had disappeared—and so had Angelito.

## PART III

**C**YCLONE dashed out of the back door of the shack. "Angelito! Angelito!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

"Cyclone! Come here! Hurry! Hurry!" Before Cyclone could answer, Angelito, waving his arms frantically, came scuttling out of the lean-to shed, like a bright-feathered road-runner streaking in front of an automobile. "They're gone! They're gone!" he shouted. "Our ponies are gone! *Los caballos!*"

Cyclone joined him quickly. The shed was as empty as a dried-out pecan shell. Together, the two boys searched the ground for some sign of tracks, but the ponies had evidently

been taken away during the storm, for the ground was washed clean of any marks.

"They—those three men—stole our ponies," said Cyclone bitterly. "Weren't we dumb? They took them. It couldn't have been anyone else."

"Si, si," agreed Angelito. "*Ladrones! Thieves!*"

"We'll have to tell Little Mac and Jerome," said Cyclone. They both drew long breaths and started back to the shack.

"*Goat! Goat!*" The distant call floated up from the ravine. The boys ran to the back of the shanty. Clambering up the bank was an old man, driving a flock of goats before him. He flicked the stragglers with a long switch, while a dog, with a mop-like coat of hair, nipped gently at their flanks.

"*Hola! Cabrero!*" called Angelito, cupping his hands to his mouth. "Hello, goatherd!" The old man looked up and waved his switch at them. "*Hello, boys!*" They scampered down to him. Here was someone they could trust—a familiar Mexican goatherd. Almost before they reached his side, Angelito launched into a flood of Spanish, telling the old man what had happened.

"Now, what are we going to do without our horses?" asked Cyclone when Angelito had finished.

"You say one was a big man with bright hair. He looked like a giant with his head on fire, maybe?"

"Yes, yes! That's the one!" cried Cyclone eagerly.

"And he has two others with him—black like a pair of crows?"

"*Si! Si, señor cabrero!*"

"Then they were the bandits," said the goatherd firmly. "His name—the flaming one—I saw it under his picture in the post office in Las Palomas las month . . . um . . . Red Baker, that's it! He and the others—they rob something." The old man blinked.

"Come with me," invited the goatherd. "You can't go hunting for *bandidos* without something warm in your stomachs. If there is anything left in my little house, we shall have breakfast. Come."

Cyclone and Angelito followed the goatherd and his flock to the shack. While Angelito helped the old man settle his goats in the shed, Cyclone woke Little Mac and Jerome, and told them about the horses. Then, over sweet buns and big mugs of coffee with milk, the boys told Bebo, the goatherd, about their hunt for the bell.

"The best thing for you to do," advised Bebo, when they had finished breakfast and were strapping their bedrolls to their shoulders, "is to take the cross-cut through the ravine to the nearest village, Las Palomas. Tell the sheriff there your story. The bell can wait for another time."

He led them out of the little shanty, across the rain-filled ravine, and showed them the way to go. "When the sun is straight overhead, you will be in Las Palomas," he said. "But take care you don't go astray. Don't cross the ravine again until you get to the Red Lizard, a rock, red as a summer sunset, that juts out from the hillside at the top of a bend. You can't miss it."

"*Gracias!* Many thanks." The boys gratefully shook his hand in turn.

"It is nothing. *Vaya con Dios*, go with God!" he called after them.

They set out briskly. The ravine ran between two hills down to the broad plain below. Higher and higher they climbed.

"Hey!" cried Cyclone suddenly. "Isn't that the Red Lizard?" He wagged an arm at a tall outcropping of stone, around which the trail curved.

"Must be," agreed Jerome. "It's red as a cardinal and looks something like a lizard."

"But look!" piped Little Mac. "Look at the rocks and trees! They're blocking the way!"

With dismay, the four boys viewed the results of the storm. A great, gnarled oak had

been uprooted. It had fallen down, bringing with it an avalanche of earth and stones. The trail was completely blocked. To the left, the walls of the ravine dipped sharply. To the right, rose the steep hill, and before them, were the pile of rocks and earth.

"We'll have to climb the hill," said Jerome. "That will be better than trying to slide down into the gulch."

The others agreed. They started up the hill and soon gained a ledge where the roots of a tree had left a huge hole. As they stood at the edge, looking down into it, they heard a gentle mewling sound.

"Listen," said Angelito, cocking an ear.

"Sounds like kittens," said Jerome.

Little Mac jumped across the hole and began to search. As he struggled through the clumps of cactus and brush, the mewling became louder and louder.

"Wait! Mac, wait!" Cyclone cried. But little Mac paid no attention.

"Come on," said Jerome.

The others followed Little Mac, as he stumbled and lurched toward the Red Lizard. They stopped suddenly just in front of it. When the big oak behind them had been torn out of the ground, its deep roots had opened cracks in the red sandstone. Now the four boys gazed in amazement. They found themselves staring straight into a narrow opening in Red Lizard rock. The mewling was coming from inside.

Little Mac, before Cyclone could stop him, ducked his head and disappeared into the huge boulder. One by one, the others slid after him through the crevice, to find themselves in a room, facing a small, round opening near the ground on the opposite side. In the center of the cave rolled two yellow balls of fur.





"Might have known!" exclaimed Cyclone. "Bob-cats!"

"Oh, boy!" cried Jerome. "I've always wanted a bob-cat!"

"You can't tame them," warned Cyclone.

"Pablo had a kitten once and it was tame until it was grown. Then it began to get wild," said Angelito. "But we'd better watch out. The mother is here somewhere. She'll go for us, if she finds us near her kittens."

The boys turned their heads. At the back of the cave was a tremendous fireplace with a big projecting hood. On the ground before it, lay an overturned anvil and tools were scattered about.

"It's an old forge," explained Angelito. "A blacksmith's forge." He rushed to the fireplace and picked up a pair of bellows. The leather crumbled to dust in his fingers.

"This place must be hundreds of years old," said Cyclone, "buried all these years by earth washing down off the hill. Trees and brush grew up and covered the entrances."

"Wonder where the chimney led?" said Little Mac. He climbed on the forge and peered up under the hood. "Can't see a thing. It's black as ink." He paused. "Angelito, come here a minute."

Angelito put down the hammer he was hefting and ran over to Little Mac. He, too, squinted upward as Jerome and Cyclone



crowded after him. "There's something up there," he declared after a moment.

"Boost me up," ordered Cyclone. He stood on the forge while the other three took a firm

grip on his legs and raised him into the chimney.

Groping above his head, his hands suddenly encountered an enormous, cold, metal object. As he touched it, it gave easily and began to swing back and forth. Instantly, the cave was filled with the loud clang of a bell!

"The bell! It's the bell!" shouted Angelito, excitedly, his black eyes sparkling. "The old blacksmith and his grandson hid it here. And we've found it!"

"You're right! It is the old mission bell!" cried Cyclone.

"Suppose it is, how are we going to get it out of here?" asked Little Mac.

"That's easy. We'll go straight to Las Pateras and get help," replied Cyclone.

"It's only a mile or so farther, according to old Bebo," said Jerome.

The boys hastily snatched up their bedrolls, and made for the opening opposite the one by which they had entered. It was just large enough for a boy to crawl through easily to reach the trail on the other side of Red Lizard. Cyclone went out first, but he had no sooner stuck his head through the hole, than he drew back with a cry, as though he had been bitten. "Get back! Get back!" he yelled. "It's the mother wild cat!"

The boys fell back in a tangle of arms and legs. Snarling, growling and spitting, the angry mother cat advanced on them through the hole. They scurried like rabbits for the exit on the other side of the cave, with Cyclone now bringing up the rear. As he tried to ease through the crevice after the others, he found himself being pushed into the cave again.

"Whoa!" he cried in sudden panic. "What's the idea?"

"Out of my way, you little rats!" a familiar, rough voice said from outside.

The boys backed slowly and fearfully into the cave. After them, pistol in hand, came the red-haired giant of the night before—big Red Baker.

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